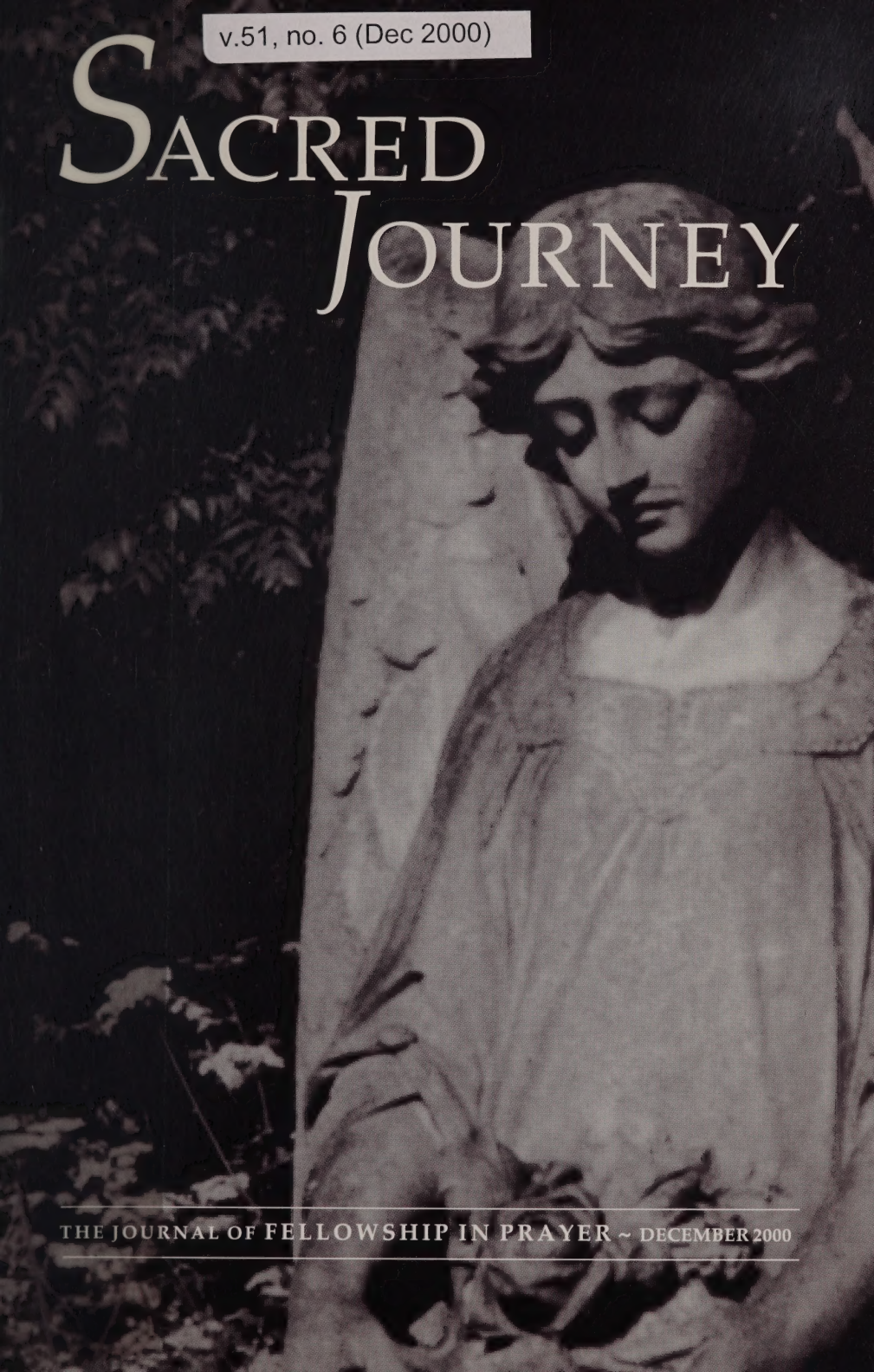
v.51, no. 6 (Dec 2000)

SACRED JOURNEY



THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER ~ DECEMBER 2000

SACRED JOURNEY®

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

The mission of Fellowship in Prayer is

to encourage and support

a spiritual orientation to life,

to promote the practice of

prayer,

meditation,

and service to others,

and to help bring about

a deeper spirit of unity

among humankind.

CONTENTS

Vol. 51, No. 6, December 2000

THIN PLACES
Paul Walsh 2

A LIVING CELTIC SAINT
Rebecca Laird 6

ILLUMINATIONS 14

A SPIRITUAL ROADMAP
Robert Frost and the Landscape of the Soul
John Delli-Carpini 16

A TRANSFORMING EXPERIENCE
Guarding the Fire
Brian Middleton 22

POETRY 25

SPIRITUALITY & THE FAMILY
A Sign of Peace
Mary Murphy 28

THE WAYS OF PRAYER
Creating Good in the World
Theresa Magness 34

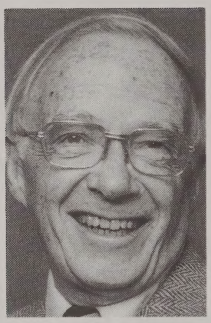
SPIRITUALITY & EVERYDAY LIFE
Stepping Out of Time
John Krueger 39

PRAYERS 42

PILGRIMAGE
Crawling to Guadalupe
Jim Shultz 44

Cover photo by Paul Walsh.

THIN PLACES



Do you know what "thin places" are? They're sacred places in the universe where the membrane between the rational realities of this world and the spiritual insights, visions, and truths of other realms is particularly porous, and where you sense the presence of the sacred much more vividly than you do ordinarily. Bethlehem, where Jesus was born on Christmas day, is a "thin place" that is particularly on the minds of Christians this month.

To make a pilgrimage to these sacred places is to seek the presence of, and to realize our oneness with, the Sacred Force that many of us call God.

This past summer, as part of a pilgrimage to Celtic "thin places" in Wales and Ireland, my wife and I found that presence in Holy Hill, a small monastery under construction in County Sligo, Ireland. We found it in the person of Sister Nora, a newly professed monk living in a small stone hut on the grounds of the monastery that is being built by the Spiritual Life Institute of Crestone, Colorado. Our very gracious hosts, Sister Susan Ryan and Brother Eric Haarer, a master carpenter and builder, introduced us to the young Irish woman called Nora.

Sister Nora's small stone hermitage was a lesson in simplicity. In one part of the single room she had her bunk bed, with two drawers underneath for her clothes, and on a small shelf facing her pillow, a crucifix. That part of the room also contained a small bookshelf with a few treasured books and an icon of the Trinity, a large and beautiful representation which was signed on the back by her mentor and spiritual guide, a man for whom she had great affection and gratitude. When my wife, Anne, said, "Oh, that's my favorite icon" Nora immediately insisted that she take it for her own. The same was true of one of her most precious books, *Saccidananda*, by Abishiktananda (Dom Henri Le Saux, a French priest whose special calling was to live his own dedication to Christ within the depths of Hindu spirituality). When I showed my interest in the book, Nora immediately insisted that I have it. To value highly such possessions and yet be so unattached to them as to give them to whomever showed an interest in them was an act of spiritual generosity I shall never forget.

Nora called that part of her room the "Mary" corner. The other half, with her small desk, lamp, and work papers, she called her "Martha" corner.

Nora's story was a magical mixture of utter despair and utmost joy, and the transforming experience that changed her life. As a child, going to Mass in the local parish church had been an important part of her life, one that she enjoyed and looked forward to, "with the incense and the candles and all of the mystery of it." But as Nora grew into young womanhood she drifted away from what she felt to be a lifeless church, and, confused but with a deep-down yearning for a spiritual orientation to life, she looked for it in the wrong places. She became addicted to

heroin. She tried suicide. She managed to kick the habit. Listen to her own words:

> When I came off the drugs I started living a normal life. I was going out with a lovely lad that my parents said was the only sensible guy I ever went out with. The others were all artists and had beards. This guy was a kind of biologist with a sound, solid farming background. I remember I used to say to him, "What's it all about?" He'd say, "Would you stop talking like that? Just get on with life and don't be so silly. It's nonsense to be thinking like that all the time." But I kept thinking the more. I used to think I was going to die from this longing. I didn't know what it was. I didn't know it was for God. But I used to feel I was going to die because I had such a longing and I didn't know what the longing's for.
>
> Then I broke off with the lad. Someone had left a note on my desk that said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and everything else will be found." But I didn't know what that meant. I knew I had to find whatever it was I was longing for, though—whatever it was. Someone else told me they had tried going to different churches, just searching, you know, and doing different things, but I said "No." I have to get a flash (of light) and just go in and close the door. And that's what I did. I just spent hours alone every day. I didn't even have to pray, but I knew I had to be on my own. I had to follow something that was deepest within me.
>
> Then someone told me about a Cistercian monastery I could go to, so I did. I had become a

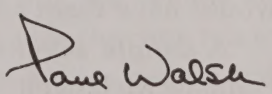
bit of a recluse. My parents were really worried: "She's gone from one extreme to the other," they said. So I went to this monastery and I remember I was just sitting on a bridge and crying because of the longing—I didn't know it was for God.

Then suddenly, in one moment, I had the experience of being loved totally—unconditionally. Then I knew the something I was looking for was someone—and that moment changed my entire life.

Up till then, I'd been about five years off the drugs, but I had very little self-confidence. I was still putting on a good front, but inside, you know, feeling very inferior, and I remember that in that moment I knew I could hold my head up, and I could look anyone straight in the face because I knew that I was loved by an infinite being. My life has been full of joy ever since.

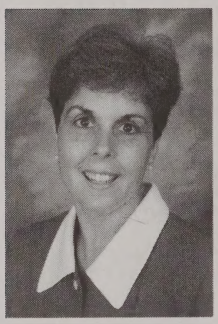
Experiencing a "thin place" like Holy Hill, and being with companions on the sacred journey like Nora and Suzie and Eric is a life-enhancing experience. If you would like to make a retreat, or find out more about Holy Hill Hermitage, write: The Spiritual Life Institute, Holy Hill Hermitage, Skreen, County Sligo, Ireland. Phone: 353-71-66021, Fax: 353-71-66954.

Meanwhile, enjoy your sacred journey!



Paul Walsh

A LIVING CELTIC SAINT



In a steep, thin valley in north Wales, an ancient church sits in a circular grove of yew trees planted some two millennia ago. Still earlier, this valley was a hidden oak forest providing a safe place for the early Celts who roamed northern Europe along the Atlantic coast settling from Spain to France to the northernmost reaches of Ireland and Scotland. This is Pennant Melangell, place of pilgrimage and refuge. Last year more than 12,000 pilgrims like me traced a narrow winding road to visit. People have traveled here for so long, the mists of time obscure their comings and goings. By the time the Romans brought a structured Christianity to Wales, Pennant Melangell was a hospitable, temporary spiritual home for those seeking a place to lay their bones, ever looking for a "place of resurrection," the place God would have them go.

A simple seventh century story forms the heart of Pennant Melangell. The central character, a young Irish woman, is a princess of sorts, the daughter of a tribal Celtic chieftain who plans her noble marriage to a grey-bearded lord. But Melangell, preferring the company of the fields and forest animals to hearth and home, flees across the

Irish sea seeking a place of silence and solitude. One day as she follows her simple life, the local chieftain, Brochwel, sets out rabbit hunting on horseback with his dogs. The wild animals scatter and the dogs focus on one small hare. The prince sees the hare escape into a thicket and commands his dogs on. When the hunting party gallops into the thicket, the dogs withdraw in fright from a young woman of prayer who is sheltering the hare beneath the hem of her garment. Brochwel urges the dogs forward, but they won't budge. His huntsman lifts his horn to his lips and the horn sticks fast leaving him unable to make a sound. The maiden's holiness, directness, and serenity stops man and beast in their tracks.

The prince and maiden speak. She tells him her story; he accepts the truth of her calling and makes a gift of land in the valley. He promises her that she and the hares will have his protection. Brochwel rides off in search of game, and in the years to come other women join Melangell and a community gathers. They live a hard life in this isolated valley, seeking shelter in hillside caves when the winter winds and rain buffet the ground. In summers the women grow herbs and make healing poultices. Melangell's fame grows, and after death her grave becomes a place of healing and refuge for men and women, as well as hunted animals in distress.

A shrine to Melangell was built on the site in 1164. By 1450 a carved wooden screen depicting the legend of Melangell and the hare was added to divide the church into a worship space and a separate shrine where people and animals could rest overnight. Not only was the shrine a place of prayer but a site of hospitality, healing, and refuge. A fifteenth century poet writes to an injured friend, "Go to Melangell now, get up . . . and you'll get well."

During the Protestant reformation the shrine was hidden and sealed in the apse when all monasteries were shut. Yet the locals remembered her. While out hunting, if a hare came within sight, they shouted as their forebears before them had, "God and Melangell be with you" and let it go. A local vicar wrote in the parish registry, this is "a healing valley; for you there is not more than one step between our valley and heaven."

By the late 20th Century, Pennant Melangell was in disrepair. The roof was pouring in water and bird droppings littered the sanctuary. Services were held infrequently. Some thought the church should be pulled down and left as a sanctified ruin while the shrine itself could be moved to a folk museum. Melangell's legacy of offering refuge to the distressed called out to be restored.

Rodney Leary

A small group including an architect, an archdeacon, and a priest-in-charge shouldered the task and set about restoring the ancient shrine. The priest-in-charge was Paul Davies and with his wife, Evelyn, they bought the cottage adjacent to the church to open a center for counseling and prayer for those facing life-threatening or terminal illnesses. It opened on Melangell's feast day in May of 1992.

By the date of my visit, made with twenty other pilgrims in July 2000, Paul Davies, who had spent his final years sitting in the churchyard listening to people who came in a never-ending stream, had died. His gravestone in the churchyard is surrounded by the memorial markers of many who found comfort in the beautiful valley of Melangell and asked to be buried there. His wife, Evelyn, now a priest in the Church in Wales and guardian of the shrine, bade us welcome. We followed her through the lychgate where the words, "Turn purely to prayer. Keep your hearts only to worship," reminded us of our pilgrim purpose as she ushered us past an ancient yew tree and into the small church, a place of palpable peace and safety. It's as if those who enter to worship are the pursued hare and here we are safely hid beneath the hem of a warm garment.

In a trustworthy voice, Evelyn stood in the front of the tiny church, beneath the wooden screen with Melangell's shrine to her back and said, "A holy place is where God speaks to us. This is a place of healing where people can move into the last years of their lives without fear of destruction. I ask people what they want when they come. They want a prayer, a blessing, or to feel close to God."

"Most mornings of the year, six or more people are waiting to come in when the door is unlocked. At compline a dozen to eighteen more—Jews, atheists,

agnostics, Buddhists, Christians—typically come to find something in the silence In the summers the church is often filled to capacity." She led us through the Pilgrim's Prayer (see opposite page) and bid us listen as a celestial melody written by a local harpist filled the air with simple splendor.

When asked about the truth of Melangell's story, Evelyn simply said, "The point of the story is relevant for people who come searching for something they've lost or when in great fear. As we hide in Christ here, we find welcome." She pointed to the sanctuary, which has always been a pilgrim church as the nearby village has it's own parish. "Places like this are being used by people who have lost hope in the possibility of God and the possibility of God in themselves." She then gestured beyond the sanctuary toward the cancer help center, "People need to have someone be quiet and listen to them tell their own stories and then they can solve their own problems."

Pressed for stories of those who have been healed, Evelyn shook her head, "We don't tell those stories for they belong to the person. In the telling they are diminished." As support she tells of a local priest who came to Melangell and was healed. He went preaching in various churches and many, many who heard him came up the hill expecting physical healing. Evelyn says it took three months to get through the false expectations. "By telling everyone about his healing, he gave away the gift God gave him!" As one who tells stories for a living, I wonder about this. Is something diminished in the telling? I hold fast to Isak Dinesen's words, "Any sorrow can be borne if a story can be told about it." But I understand her point. When a work of grace and mercy raises false hopes, no one finds what they seek.

There is something about Evelyn that simply compels me.

A Pilgrim's Prayer

Dear Lord and Father of us all
Be with us now on our pilgrimage today.
Be with us on our pilgrimage of life.
Give us thankful hearts
For all the good things we receive
Through your love.
Enable us to pray for others
As well as ourselves and
Bring us safely to our heavenly home.
Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Amen.

Rodney Leary

I feel tender and known in her presence, and suspect all who are gathered do, too. Celtic scholar Ian Bradley says that a Celtic saint possesses personal holiness, supernatural authority, and charisma. A Celtic saint isn't canonized but recognized by common folk. I begin to suspect that I am in the presence of a living Celtic saint. Evelyn clearly bears the marks.

Evelyn, too, is a pilgrim. After twelve years, she is moving on. She has prayed daily by the shrine since 1992 and counseled thousands. Leaving will be hard, especially as her husband is buried near Melangell's shrine, yet she states, "It is right and proper that I slip away while things go well. If I get out of the way then God is free to bring someone with more energy to continue the ministry here." Evelyn won't be retreating into a quiet retirement. She is headed to another ancient church in Aberdaron near the sea which sits directly on the pilgrims route to Ynys Enlli, the land of ten thousand saints.

Before we left, Evelyn raised her hand and blessed us with sure, steadfast words:

> May God bless you,
> May he keep you ever in his care
> And lead your lives with love.
> May God's warm welcome shine from our hearts
> And Christ's peace prevail through every day
> Till greater love shall call. Amen.

Evelyn then bid us goodbye. And as I went my way, I wondered if someday decades or centuries hence, a story might be told about St. Evelyn, who welcomed the sick, heard their stories, offered a blessing, and sent many back into life assured that those hidden in God remain safe in the folds of a garment of love.

ILLUMINATIONS

A soldier asked Abba Mius if God accepted repentance. After the old man had taught him many things he said, "Tell me, my dear, if your cloak is torn, do you throw it away?" He replied, "No, I mend it and use it again." The old man said to him, "If you are so careful about your cloak, will not God be equally careful about his creature?"

~Benedicta Ward

The Sayings of the Fathers: The Alphabetical Collection

Those who collect in themselves distress and resentment and who practice prayer in this state are like someone pouring water into a leaky bucket.

~Nilus of Sinai

Early Fathers from the Philokalia

One does not need to fast for days and meditate for hours at a time to experience the sense of sublime mystery which constantly envelopes us. All one need do is to notice intelligently, if even for a brief moment, a blossoming tree, a forest flooded with autumn colors, an infant smiling.

~Simon Greenberg

A Jewish Philosophy and Pattern of Life

The God who is fire, who is in water, who has entered the whole world, who is in plants, who is in trees—to that God be adoration!

~Svetasvatara, *Upanishads*

The event of creation did not take place so many kalpas or aeons ago, astronomically or biologically speaking. Creation is taking place every moment of our lives

~Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki
The Buddhist Conception of Reality

Listen, my heart: love God ceaselessly
As the fish loveth water:
The deeper the water
The happier and more tranquil the fish.
God alone knoweth the suffering
Of fish separated from the waters.

~Guru Nanak
The Sacred Writings of the Sikhs

Each saint is a unique event, a victory over the force of evil. So many blessings can pour from God into the world through one life.

~Father Germann Vladimir
Pilgrim to the Russian Church

The line separating good and evil passes not through states, nor between classes, nor between political parties either —but right through every human heart—and through all human hearts. This line shifts. Inside us, it oscillates with the years. And even within hearts overwhelmed by evil, one small bridgehead of good is retained. And even in the best of hearts, there remains . . . an un-uprooted small corner of evil.

~Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Gulag Archipelago, "The Ascent"

Robert Frost and the Landscape of the Soul

John Delli-Carpini

Unless I make an effort to find a time and place for reflection, a week, a month, or a year passes and I begin to lose focus, direction, and a sense of purpose to my life. Reflection creates the atmosphere for spiritual growth. John Milton recognized that human wisdom requires moments of "sweet retired solitude/Where with her best nurse Contemplation,/She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings . . . ." How difficult it is today to find such "sweet retired solitude!" Technology promised leisure for becoming more human, but faxes and e-mails greet me at the office and demand my attention before I even sip that first cup of coffee.

There are thankfully many oases in the desert: prayer and scripture reading are two, but I have found another place of rest where I go to refresh my drooping spirit or to address a particular spiritual or psychological concern that may be troubling me. The sanctuary I suggest is the poetry of Robert Frost. Two poems in particular, often anthologized and familiar to poetry readers, are good places to begin. The poems have been rest stops on my spiritual journey.

The Rev. John Delli-Carpini, Ph.D., is Assistant to the Chancellor, Special Projects at the Chancery, Archdiocese of Philadelphia. His book Prayer and Piety in the Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins *was published in 1998.*

They address the themes of contemplation ("Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening"), and discernment ("The Road Not Taken"). Although Frost is most often acknowledged as an astute observer of external nature, he is also a surveyor of the landscape of the human soul. Here's what I have found in these poems.

"Stopping By Woods On a Snowy Evening" portrays an idyllic, Currier and Ives scene of a traveler driving a horse-drawn sleigh. Since I grew up in New England, I know the setting well. The season is winter and a gentle snowfall completes the New England landscape. The traveler is passing through the woods on his way to town where, as he says, he "has promises to keep." On the way, however, he is beguiled by nature's unpretentious beauty. The speaker's interrupted journey is not to be interpreted as an escape from duty and responsibility, but as the illustration of the deep human need for contemplation. The speaker feels compelled to suspend his normal routine and to take a long, loving look at the woods.

The traveler, however, feels somewhat embarrassed and uncomfortable to stop at all:

> Whose woods these are I think I know.
> His house is in the village though;
> He will not see me stopping here
> To watch his woods fill up with snow.

He seems concerned about what others will think, others who take a more pragmatic view of life. Here Frost implies that work, duty, and "getting and spending" are the norm, the American way. Moreover, these same individuals consider the contemplation of nature either a luxury or a wasteful romantic reverie.

What draws the traveler to the seemingly uneventful and useless exhibition of nature? The answer lies at the

end of the poem: "The woods are lovely, dark, and deep." The traveler is lured by the beauty, mystery, and puzzle of a reality other than himself, something ineffable that solicits contemplation in the human soul. Who hasn't paused to watch the snow fall silently and bring to a halt the wheels of progress? There is no profit, gain, or tangible prize for engaging in such an endeavor. Frost does not explain what draws the traveler to the pastoral scene. But isn't this precisely the point? Mystery or the unexplainable is as viable a dimension to life as the business enterprise: the forest primeval is as real as Wall Street. The poet does not prefer one to the other; rather, as a realist, he understands the need for both. Frost reminds his reader to allow time for the contemplation of the transcendent world because he knows that as human beings we must nurture our spirits and heed the formation of the inner self.

The contrast in the poem, then, is between the active and contemplative dimensions of life. As a poet, Frost well understood the need to reflect on life's meaning, but he was also aware of life's many demands and responsibilities. Frost needed opportunities to recollect in tranquillity, but his publishers demanded new poems. Even the traveler's horse, accustomed to transporting his passenger to and from his daily tasks, is baffled by this unproductive interlude: "He gives his harness bells a shake/To ask if there is some mistake." But there is no mistake. Frost is quick to balance the sleigh bells' call to duty with the more gentle sounds of nature: "The only other sound's the sweep/Of easy wind and downy flake." Unfortunately, I've honored productivity to such an extent that the unproductive day seems a failure. In "Stopping By Woods," Frost says that some things are more important than meeting deadlines or making money.

In J. F. Power's novel *Wheat That Springeth Green,* Father Joe Hackett says that work is the occupational hazard of the priest. Equally hazardous is the daily frenetic activity of the spiritual pilgrim. I have found every excuse to abandon prayer and meditation for more "productive" endeavors, that is, activity I can measure and appraise. I lock myself into thinking that my worth is directly dependent upon my work. I must admit, however, that I never met anyone on his deathbed who wished he had spent more time in the office. The words of Thoreau in *Walden* ring true:

> I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived.

Eventually, the speaker, lured by life's demands, must keep his promises. Has the speaker been transformed? We do not know, but perhaps his "gazing" into the woods will put him in touch with a deeper mystery and provide new meaning and a fresh perspective to the "miles to go before (he) sleeps."

I consider "The Road Not Taken," quoted at too many commencement ceremonies, as Frost's discernment poem. At the conclusion, the speaker looks ahead and imagines what he will be doing one day. Whatever this future, it is contingent on the decision he makes today: "I shall be telling this with a sigh/Somewhere ages and ages hence." The clear theme of the poem is the realization that we are the sum of the choices we make: "Yet knowing how way leads on to way,/I doubted if I should ever come back." The word "sigh" is characteristically ambiguous; negatively, it may be the articulation of a lament, fear or

regret over a wrong decision, and more positively, it may express satisfaction, a "sigh" of relief, over the right one.

I make decisions every day; some are routine, others more significant. It is the significant choices that Frost addresses in the poem:

> Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
> And sorry I could not travel both
> And be one traveler . . .

The color yellow suggests springtime, as Frost implies in another poem: "Nature's first green is gold ("Nothing Gold Can Stay"). And so the speaker is probably a young person, at a moment of decision, but not necessarily. Yellow also suggests autumn, the season of one's later years. "The Road Not Taken" is actually about the indicative decisions we make at any age or time of life.

The forest is Frost's metaphor for life's journey, the stage upon which we make our entrances and our exits. However, the forest does not always provide a clear path. Sometimes the journey, and especially the spiritual journey, leads through a pathless wood, thus demanding from the pilgrim a knowledge of and familiarity with nature's ways. In "The Road Not Taken," the path is clear, at least for the moment. However, the speaker knows well that the path may end, become rocky or obstructed with branches and brambles thus making it more difficult and challenging to traverse.

Frost stresses the importance of contemplation here as he does in "Stopping By Woods." Since I am what I am because of the decisions I have made, Frost invites me to be as certain as humanly possible that I make wise decisions. This, of course, requires reflection, self-knowledge, and authenticity. Even then, I cannot be sure that the future will be what I plan. As Frost says in "Good-Bye and Keep Cold," after all human efforts are

exhausted, "Something has to be left to God."

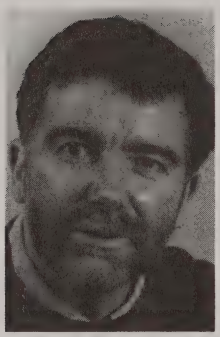
The spiritual pilgrim encounters the occasional "crossroad" on the spiritual journey. For example, my initial decision to investigate and respond to God's personal call to holiness constituted a significant crossroad. Sometimes a crossroad appears unexpectedly, when the journey is planned and the path mapped out. Then the unforeseen events of life demand spiritual reconnaissance and sometimes selecting and walking a new path. Periodically, I look over my shoulder and evaluate the path thus far. Making a critical ethical or vocational decision designates another crossroad. Even then the path is not always fixed in. In "The Road Not Taken," Frost wisely foresees that in life "way leads on to way." This is especially true on the spiritual path, since the decision to include God in one's heart, mind, and soul must be renewed daily.

Frost's poetry is best known for its picturesque depiction of the New England landscape. He is the clear, simple, moral poet who sings of rural, democratic joys, but he is also the surveyor of the landscape of the human soul. I read him for his insights into human life and the many moods of the human heart. As a spiritual pilgrim, I also read him for his many spiritual and formational insights. He invites his readers to engage him in his verse. In "The Pasture," the introductory poem of his collection *North of Boston*, he also bids us spiritual pilgrims to reflect more deeply on the landscape of the inner life, an equally daring endeavor—"You come too."

A TRANSFORMING EXPERIENCE

Guarding the Fire

Brian Middleton



The late Henri Nouwen, an expatriate Dutch priest, wrote that "Silence makes us pilgrims. It guards the fire within. It teaches us how to speak."

As an artist, the retreat experience is crucial for me. In silence, the inner voice begins to speak to me, to lead me, to nudge me. This brooding process gnaws at me until I stop everything and discover the new work, the next step in my creative process. On retreat I enter the special world of prayer. Great anticipation and joy accompany me as I open the door to an inner place where I trust that an undisturbed dialogue will take place with my muse. I know the silence will be protected and more importantly that God will lead me.

Nearly half a century ago, Thomas Merton described this transcendental quality, "When I am liberated by silence, when I am no longer involved in the measurement

Brian Middleton lives in Carlisle, Ontario, where he can view the Niagara Escarpment from his studio windows. Brian is a graduate of York University, the University of Toronto, and the Ontario College of Art. His work is exhibited in public and private galleries throughout Canada.

Woman of Sorrows I ©Brian Middleton 1999

of life, but in the living of it, I can discover a form of prayer in which there is effectively no distraction. My whole life becomes prayer. My whole silence is full of prayer. The world of silence in which I am immersed contributes to my prayer."

On a retreat two years ago, I decided to break my habit of taking my art supplies with me. Midway through the weekend, I discovered a number of outdated calendars and postcards with ancient icons reproduced. I was directly drawn to the hauntingly beautiful eyes of the Madonnas and soon began clipping and assembling bits of images together as a tentative collage. Several months and collages later, I caught sight of my own grief. My interest in these mournful Madonna figures was linked to the sudden loss to cancer of my partner's mother. Her quiet faith and love had inspired me for years. When I first entered the silence, I did not know of my grief or of the healing that would be offered me.

For centuries pilgrims have been traveling to quiet places, seeking out higher power. Each arrives, in some sense broken and world weary and leaves, days, weeks, or months later, nurtured, restored, and blessed to return to the world with a kinder face and heart.

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO.50 PRINCETON, NJ

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.

Publishers of ***SACRED JOURNEY®***
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, NJ 08542-9946

The suggested donation for a year of *Sacred Journey* is $16.00. Many readers, however, send more than that amount as a way of becoming a "Spiritual Friend" to those unable to contribute (especially men and women in hospitals, nursing and old age homes, and religious institutions).

In addition to sending in your own contribution and request to receive *Sacred Journey,* won't you become a "Spiritual Friend" to someone in need? You will earn their lasting gratitude—and ours.

☐ I enclose $16.00 ($22.00 for foreign subscriptions). Please send *Sacred Journey* to me:

(name) _____

(street) _____

(city, state, zip) _____

☐ Renewal ☐ New Listing

☐ I enclose $ _____. Please send a gift subscription to:

(name) _____

(street) _____

(city, state, zip) _____

☐ I enclose $ _____. Please send *Sacred Journey* to someone in need, or use it to promote the practice of prayer and meditation.

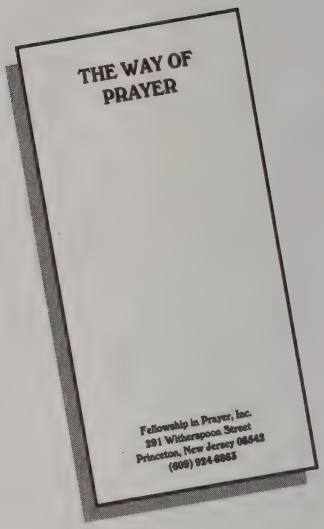
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

Please use the back of this sheet for your comments.

The Way of Prayer answers the questions of many readers who have asked us specific questions about prayer: When, where, and how to pray; what to pray for; what you can expect from prayer; how to form a prayer group.

Copies are $2.00 each. Now in its 3rd printing, *The Way of Prayer* has clearly filled a widely-felt need.

☐ Please send me _____ copies of *The Way of Prayer*. I enclose my check for $ _____.



* * * * * * *

Please use this space to tell us your thoughts about this publication, *Sacred Journey.*

THIS COMING HOLIDAY SEASON GIVE YOUR LOVED ONES & FRIENDS THE GIFT OF

SACRED JOURNEY

THE JOURNAL OF FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Support them on the path of love, compassion, and wisdom that winds through every page of this inspiring journal.

Just clearly print their names and addresses and send the list, along with your check, in the envelope inserted in the middle of this issue ($18 per subscription/$26 outside of the US). A card will be sent announcing your gift which will begin with the February 2001 issue.

POETRY

Those Who Pray

Joanne Monte

Are those who keep
a slow flame burning in windows
where men sit rocking in the discomfort
of their wisdom, a lap robe embracing

their arthritic legs, their eyes elapsing
into a steady vigil as joggers,
undisturbed by any whirlwind of brilliance
exercise their lean bodies, hoods flung back,

their faces flushed under the dripping flame
of sunlight, invincible in their running
as they wave back, smiling. They are oblivious
to the wise men's pity, to the light that burns

in the foyer of resurrection, to any presence
of divinity in the flesh and blood as they run
the miles long and hard in sweated silence.
Those who pray have known how fast the heart

can race, how the twisted pavement
can tear the flesh, break the bones, cripple the spine—
that without the slow flame burning,
how easily fear survives with dark and secret pride.

Joanne Monte is an award-winning poet from Bloomfield, NJ whose work has appeared in The Odessa Poetry Review, Suwannee Poetry, *and* Twilight Endings.

Linda Cronin works as a desktop publisher. As a writer with a disability, she has found poetry an invaluable resource in living with a chronic illness. Her work has appeared in the Journal of New Jersey Poets *and* Kaleidoscope. *She lives in Cedar Grove, NJ.*

Visiting the Shrine

Linda A. Cronin

I stand surrounded by candles,
red, white, and blue votives
cradle the flickering flame of faith.
Candlelight waves wash
the walls, the wooden crucifix,
the picture of the Virgin of Guadeloupe.
I bless myself,
and whisper a prayer.
In my search for hope,
for strength,
I have arrived
at the Shrine of Divine Mercy.

Each day, I pray to Mary,
the Mother of Jesus,
the Mother of us All,
to guide me.
To help me find the courage
to say those simple yet powerful words
that changed her life—
"Be it done unto me according to Thy word."
Words of surrender and faith,
love and conviction.
I want to believe as she did,
to know God is in control
and my life has meaning.

Mary, Mother of God,
show me the way.
Grant me the courage and strength
to surrender
and believe.
Help me to endure
my sufferings
whatever they may be.

A Sign of Peace

Mary Murphy

Marion enters the dark cathedral by the side door on Madison Avenue. The frigid December wind follows her in as she slips alone into the pew in front of Olivia and me. She is unnoticed by most of the people around us. Those already deep in the ritual of Sunday Mass pay no attention to the red-faced, ungainly woman as she genuflects and makes the sign of the cross before entering the pew. I am chilled by the sight of her, so I slide my eyes quickly down to be warmed by Olivia, busy with crayons and coloring book on the seat next to me. My daughter doesn't notice that I've tensed, but I have. I've been reminded how fragile daughters can be.

Marion's only daughter, Meredith, was flying home from Europe one Christmas to be with her family after a semester abroad. But Meredith was killed in the space between her mother's heartbeats by an explosion aboard Pan Am Flight 103 as it flew over Lockerbie, Scotland on December 21, 1988.

Mary Murphy is a professional storyteller from Albany, NY. More of her stories are available at www.albany.net~hello/.

Marion is in constant pain. It's easy to see in the dark grooves and hollows of her face, the always unkempt gray-shot black hair, and her brimming, red eyes. The eyes overflow often—tears going unwiped over cheeks, chin, and neck—never seeming to bring relief from her terrible dry longing.

I read about a rescue worker at the time of the crash who found two severed arms in the debris of the passenger section of Flight 103. The arms were those of a woman and child still joined together holding hands.

Those two were the lucky ones, I think, as I watch Marion kneel and lean over the pew in front, her head held in both hands. Her back moves up and down in a huge sigh or a long drawn-out sob.

A sense of self-preservation keeps me from getting too close to Marion. Although she is the figure of sorrow, whatever compassion I feel is smothered at once by the fear that her anguish is a communicable disease. I have too much to lose to risk contagion.

Olivia sits on the padded kneeler coloring for awhile but eventually grows bored and restless. At the age of five, Mass is a marathon that must be endured for who-knew-what grown-up reason. I get her to recite the *Our Father* with me and then the priest tells us to offer each other a sign of peace. Olivia, free at last, turns immediately and sticks out her hand.

"Peace be with you," she broadcasts to the family behind us. She shakes hands with a man, two women, one of whom is elderly, and a small boy. The boy squeezes her hand too hard so she says "ouch" and tattles on him to the younger woman.

Marion must hear the noisy handshakes but she doesn't turn around until Olivia pulls on the back of her

navy pea jacket. The old lint-strewn wool coat with trailing uneven hem is Marion's protective shell. She huddles into its folds in every season but high summer. As she turns around I notice that she is crying. Olivia notices too and points it out to me in a loud stage whisper.

"I know" is all I can whisper back as I turn away from the hopeless tears.

Olivia's stare is full of sympathy until an idea suddenly sets her in motion. She reaches for her small white purse and quickly tosses a grape sucker, a toy kitten playing with a ball of yarn tattoo, her Classic Barbie keychain (no keys), and a package of rainbow gummy bears to our pew. She is looking for something that seems to have hidden itself beneath a fold of satin lining. Eventually she manages to free her rosary from the purse.

The rosary consists of cheap yellow plastic beads held together with string in five groups of ten Hail Mary beads separated by single Our Father beads. The string is unravelling at one end near the crucifix where a blobby figure of Christ blends into his cross and becomes one with it.

The rosary was given to Olivia last summer by an elderly nun. The nun had very wrinkly skin and was one of the few in her order who still wore a habit. Olivia had clung to me as the old woman bent her face close and told her she looked like a favorite pupil from long ago. Sister Mary, as she said to call her, reached deep into a pocket of her long black skirt and pulled out what Olivia took to be a necklace with Jesus on it. She offered it to Olivia with a shaky hand and told her to pray always to get whatever she wanted. Olivia put the rosary on over her head at once. I often see her rubbing the cross the way Aladdin rubbed his lamp: eyes closed, lips moving, full of silent wishes.

Janet Small

On this day she seems to hit upon the rosary as something with which to distract an unhappy adult. She hurries past me out of our pew and slides in next to Marion. She stands on the seat and holds the rosary open like a Hawaiian lei. Then she motions Marion down to her level. Marion, who has been staring wetly at Olivia since she felt the tug on her jacket, kneels obediently, as though to receive some formal blessing. Olivia pulls the rosary over Marion's head, wrestling it past her ears and patting the melted-looking crucifix into place over her heart. "Guess what?" she whispers loudly, "It's a magic rosy. You're supposed to rub this white part, close your eyes, and make a wish. Don't tell anyone what you wished for, or it won't come true."

Marion is still crying but manages to croak, "What's your name, honey?" through a large, smooshed up wad of tissues she's taken from her coat pocket. Olivia says her name shyly and endures a bear hug from Marion before dashing back to our pew and hiding behind me, shocked now by her forwardness with a stranger.

When Olivia and I return to our seats after Communion, I notice that Marion is kneeling at the foot of the Sacred Heart statue near the Madison Street entrance. Her eyes are closed, her fast-moving lips produce no sound. She fingers the beads around her neck and kisses the little white cross with such tenderness it would seem to bear the image of one even more dear than the crucified Christ.

Mass is drawing to a close and Olivia is coloring again. Marion quietly appears at my side offering me the rosary in the palm of her hand. From the altar the priest has begun the final blessing. "Lord, make your face to shine upon us and be gracious to us." And then Marion smiles at Olivia. The smile is the first miracle I've ever been allowed to witness.

The gloomy church grows suddenly lighter—as though a candle just lit shot its flame high in the air fed by a spurt of oxygen. I close Marion's fingers over the sticky, oval rosary beads, squeezing her hand too hard.

After a moment the smile fades and Marion pulls her hand away from me. She pockets the rosary and moves slowly up the aisle. I watch her until she is swallowed whole by the dark shadows at the back of church.

After Mass, Olivia and I walk up the street to the museum. On the way she asks, "Was it okay to give the rosy, I mean rosary, to the crying lady?" "It was a very good thing to do," I tell her. "I don't think it's really magic anyway," she admits. "The other day I asked it for a Easy-Bake Oven, and I didn't get it." "Well," I say, "It helped Marion a little. I saw her smile today." "But I bet that's not what she wished for," said Olivia. "No," I agreed, "I bet that's not what she wished for."

We enter the museum through the revolving door, Olivia pulling on my hand, eager to see the giant insect exhibit, "Monsters in Your Own Backyard." I follow, my hand firmly in hers.

Creating Good in the World

Theresa Magness

Most of us count our blessings in this world: faith, family, friends. Yet we are also aware of violence that leaves its imprint on the world, encouraging more violence and vengeance. It also leaves us wondering what we can do about it.

We can diminish its influence by creating a spiritual environment or atmosphere which inclines people to choose good instead of harm for themselves or others. Although an atmosphere is intangible, it can influence the way people feel, think, and act. Almost everyone has had the experience of walking into a gathering, a room, or an outdoor setting and feeling some strong emotion: excitement, fear, tranquility. The world has an emotional and spiritual atmosphere, too, and we can effect positive changes in it by our prayers, thoughts, and actions.

Many of us are already contributing to an environment of good by the way we live our lives. We are raising our children to love and help others, we are respectful of our colleagues at work, and we are considerate of our neighbors. Some of us may be caring for an elderly parent, volunteering for community service work, or contributing financially to charities. Our kindness, generosity, love, and

Theresa Magness is a former technical writer and editor living with her husband in the Coast Range Mountains outside Eugene, OR.

respect for life become part of the world's atmosphere, even if we are unaware of it.

Once we become conscious of the importance and power of a spiritual environment, we may want to do more to contribute to it. Following are five ways to help make the earth a place of goodness and peace. For the already over-committed, note that you do not even have to leave your home; all you need to do is incorporate these ideas into your meditation and prayer time.

Making Peace Within Ourselves

Forgiveness is the essence of peacemaking and begins with ourselves. First, we find the wisdom to be gained from whatever mistakes we have made or failures we have experienced and give thanks for it. Then we forgive ourselves by releasing blame, guilt, and pain. We also need to forgive others who have hurt us. We do not have to condone what they have done, but we do need to release our anger and resentment toward them. Some good can come of our pain if we resolve not to hurt anyone anymore because we have learned how it feels.

Since our inner world is reflected in our outer world, peace, joy, and love (the fruits of forgiveness) will flow into the world's environment and help people who are having difficulty forgiving themselves or others. The more people who forgive, the stronger the influence in the world for the forgiveness of injuries large and small, even the deep-rooted, age-old hatreds between people of different nationalities and religions.

Connecting With Others

We are related by divinity to everyone on this earth. This includes people we might not feel a kinship with

because of their culture, political views, spiritual philosophy or any number of aspects that differ from our own. It may help to think of living as a team sport and that everyone in the world is on our team. Or that humanity is an ocean and individuals are drops of water that make up the ocean.

As we go about our daily business, we can affirm our unity with all humanity by treating the people with whom we come in contact with the kindness and dignity usually reserved for close friends and family. During meditation and prayer, we can ask for an awareness of the soul connection we share with others. This awareness may come through a number of ways such as dreams, the written or spoken word, or an inner knowing. Our meditation and prayer time is also an opportunity to join our efforts with those of others who are working to create an atmosphere for good in the world. The synergy of this connection will intensify and expand the results of those efforts.

Praying for Unloved People Who Need Prayers

It is second nature for most of us to pray for loved ones, children, and victims of illness, accident, or crime. We pray also, perhaps not quite so spontaneously, for people who are difficult to get along with. But what of unrepentant perpetrators of crimes that repulse us with their cruelty, sending hatred and lack of respect for human life into the world's spiritual environment? Many of us are less likely to pray for them because our attention is focused on their victims and we instinctively shun brutality.

Instead of prayers, perpetrators of crimes may receive contempt or hatred from people and, depending on the notoriety of their crimes, from communities, countries or

parts of the world. This powerful force is likely to perpetuate the cycle of violence, in which perpetrators absorb the hatred sent their way, they commit more acts of violence, releasing dissension and malice into the spiritual environment, and people send more hatred toward them. When we hear of such perpetrators, one of the greatest services we can perform for our world is to pray for them and help break the cycle of violence and hatred. Our prayers for love and healing will not only ease the hostility directed toward them but may also help them turn away from the harm they are doing and rediscover the divine goodness which is in all of us, no matter how deeply buried or forgotten.

Leaving the Results to the Divine

The all-seeing, all-knowing Divine has a view of unfolding events far beyond the range of human sight. So when we pray for other people, situations, and even ourselves, it is best to leave the outcome to divine wisdom. Oftentimes we have our own ideas about what should happen in a given circumstance or to a particular person so we will need faith and trust to detach ourselves from what we want. However well-intentioned we may be, it is not for us to make decisions about other people's lives, even through prayer.

Some of the ways we can pray without appealing for the particular results we want are by asking for spiritual qualities such as healing, harmony, or mercy to manifest, leaving the results they bring about to the Divine. We can also pray for the best possible outcome for an event, visualizing a person or situation engulfed in white light indicative of the Divine presence. Not only will they benefit from our prayers, but also the qualities such as faith and

trust that we focus upon when we pray will become part of the world's spiritual environment.

Keeping an Attitude of Goodness

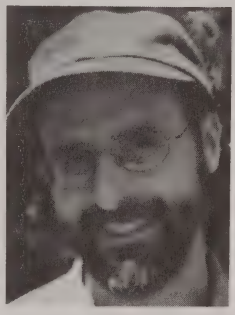
Family, friends, strangers, and people at turning points in their lives all benefit from a positive spiritual environment. So it is important work that we do contributing to this atmosphere of goodness–something to be continued throughout our lives.

If it sometimes seems that no one around us shares in our ideals, it may be that we were placed in our living or working environment to balance negativity and teach goodness by example. Perhaps our presence will help bring harmony to a quarrelsome group or inspire an organization not known for its generosity to sponsor a charitable event. It may help to know, particularly if we are feeling weary, that the spiritual atmosphere to which we contribute is ours to partake of as well. We can refresh and renew ourselves by connecting, during meditation and prayer, with other people all over the world who share in our work.

We need to maintain or deepen our spiritual environment by continual acts of goodness. Once we get started, we will find new ways of our own to contribute to this environment of good or recognize things we are already doing without being conscious of their good. The more we fill the world with love, acceptance, and connectedness, the closer we will be to the peace on earth so many people desire.

Stepping Out of Time

John Krueger



The Weather Channel reporter's lips were pursed and her voice apologetic as she broke the bad news about the snow storm. It looked like nature wasn't going to cooperate with us and we'd lose control of the day. The narrow television lens had reduced the weather to an issue of convenience. I imagined a weather report that broke free from such pragmatism: "Today the trees will clap their hands in praise to the exalted Creator. Get outside and see the sculpted drifts while they are still fresh. Today the purity of white will cover the land like a prayer shawl . . ."

I snapped out of my reverie and peered through the window. The storm was a real whopper! While the newscast showed Toronto's mayor calling in the armed forces to dig out the city, I headed to the woods around Christie Lake.

After plowing through the deep snow for an hour, I flopped down in a drift and watched the flakes—the currency of heaven—being scattered from the hand of the

John Krueger is a freelance writer and teaches composition at Redeemer College in Ancaster, Ontario, Canada.

generous Provider. Snow whirled through the branches, making the wind visible. The deep bass undertones raged and roared through the oaks; the hiss and swish of the white pine was punctuated by the crackle and creak of a thousand branches bending, snapping, and tossing black twigs onto the snow. The wind strummed the trees and the Spirit brought lyrics to mind: "He sends his icy crystals. Who can stand against his cold?"

A blizzard creates a kind of natural silence–white music–an insulator against mechanical noise pollution. I watched a man roar past me on a snowmobile. Perhaps the noise of his internal combustion engine provided him with a sense of power. Snow tailed out behind him in a fury, but I wondered how much he really saw, if he heard the snow's voice.

After hiking out of the woods on the north shore, I spotted a desolate picnic table, took out my thermos of coffee and watched the crystalline drifts perform pirouettes across the open reaches where hundreds of Canadian Geese squatted on the icy barrens. Suddenly their wings beat hard against the driving snow and they lifted off as if in slow motion.

I jumped up from the table and ran to the shore as the undulating skein of black dots faded in an impressionistic sky. The geese were out of sight now. My cheeks stung and my eyes watered, but I felt more alive than I had all week. I dug through my coat sleeve to uncover a watch. The sun was setting behind the pines on the western ridge, but the day had seemed timeless. I had forgotten *chronos* time, that incessant tick, tick, tick, of the clock, that sense of being driven by my schedule and those urgent demands which too often kidnap what is truly important. I had forgotten my computer, that machine which I had hoped

would help me do my work faster so that I would have more time. I had forgotten my date book, and those pages I often turn like a bible because busyness is next to godliness. By the usual standards I hadn't accomplished much through my hike. But during that blinding blizzard, it was enough to forget time and just look back at my footprints in the snow.

Robert F. Campbell

Pilgrim People

A Prayer of the Congregational Federation

God, you have called us to a journey through life
as you called your people, a vast company, to travel with hope.
We pray for all whom we meet, or hear of, on the way.

We pray for people in exile and people returning home,
remnants of once-proud nations or families,
now newly-acquainted with hope, or despair.

We pray for people with disabilities,
learning to cope with the attitudes of others,
finding skills for daily living.

We pray for people who weep
bitter tears of disappointment,
painful tears of grief.

We pray for the musicians and dancers,
people whose sense of joy and occasion
makes this a special time.

We remember with sadness but thankfulness
all those who are no longer sharing this journey of life,
whose presence we miss as we travel on.

These prayers are from Let There Be. . . . Praying the New Millennium, *a collection of prayers from the member organizations of Churches Together in England. Reprinted by permission. For copies contact McCrimmon Publishing Co., Ltd.,* www.mccrimmons.co.uk.

God, you have called us to a journey through life
as you called your people, a vast company, to travel with hope.
We pray for all whom we meet, or hear of, on the way.

Offering

A Prayer of the Free Churches' Council

As we make these gifts, O Lord, may we hold nothing back.
As we live for you, may we keep nothing hid.
As we journey, may we not go astray.
As we pray for your peace, may we rest entirely in you,
for your mercy's sake. Amen.

Thanksgiving

A Prayer of the College of Preachers

Father of lights,
maker of sun and moon, planets and stars,
firm in your changelessness, bright without shadow,
as we mark the turning of the years
we thank you for all that is good,
since it comes to us freely as your gift.

We thank you for this world in its wealth of beauty and mystery;
for the powers you have given us
and the wisdom you have taught us,
that we might heal and help, speak and sing;
for the people who have touched us in truth and in love.

We thank you for all that is good,
whether tasted now, alive in our memories, or expected in hope,
since it comes to us in pledge of your eternal goodness;
and we rejoice in the One who is good,
your perfect gift, and promise of perfection,
Jesus Christ, your Son, our Lord. Amen.

Crawling to Guadalupe

Jim Shultz

The young woman with long black hair crawls slowly on her knees across the unforgiving marble floor. Her small daughter, in a bright yellow dress, shuffles slowly at her side to keep the same snail's pace. The basilica is cavernous and huge, dimly lit by a hundred hanging hexagon fixtures that look like bronze hat boxes dangling from the wooden ceiling. Slowly mother and child inch closer to their destination, the gold-framed image of a young Jewish woman, her head tilted slightly to the left, palms joined at her chest. As thousands do each year, they are crawling to Guadalupe, the image of Mary painted on an ancient poncho. If you have been inside a Catholic church anywhere in the Americas most likely you have seen her. Knowing Guadalupe's story and her power is a part of knowing the culture of Latin America.

Roses in December

It began, according to belief, on the small hill just outside

Jim Shultz is the Executive Director of the Democracy Center. He has worked in politics and public policy for more than twenty years. Jim currently is a lecturer at NUR University in Cochabamba, Bolivia. This article originally appeared in The Democracy Center's online newsletter. For more information go to www.democracyctr.org .

Mexico City on December 9, 1531. Juan Diego, an Aztec Indian converted to Christianity, was said to have been walking past the hill on his way to church when a voice called to him from atop. According to legend, the voice and the woman who appeared to Juan Diego was Mary, who instructed him to tell the local bishop to build a church on the hill, where the local poor might pray to her for miracles. The bishop's response was a request for proof. It is said that when Juan Diego told this to Mary, who appeared to him again several days later, she instructed him to climb the hill where he would find the impossible—blossoms of fresh roses in winter—proof enough to carry to the bishop. On the frost covered hill Juan Diego took the roses and wrapped them in his flimsy poncho made of woven cactus fiber.

Juan Diego carried the poncho, with the roses wrapped inside, to the bishop and when he unfurled it, legend has it, the roses fell to the floor and on the poncho appeared the painted image of Mary. It is this very poncho and image, 450 years later, that hangs behind bullet proof glass in the basilica on the outskirts of Mexico City, blessed by the Pope, worshipped by thousands, and replicated throughout the world.

Science took a turn at the legend in 1979, when a small investigative team was given the rare chance to analyze the image. The bejeweled frame was opened, investigators took close-up photographs, many with infrared film, and snipped a few thread samples from the edge. The conclusions only added to Guadalupe's mystique. The paint, they reported, was unlike any used in Mexico at the time. The cactus fiber of Juan Diego's poncho, they concluded, should have nearly dissolved in a few decades but instead was well intact after four centuries. All evidence enough to keep the Latin American legend well-alive.

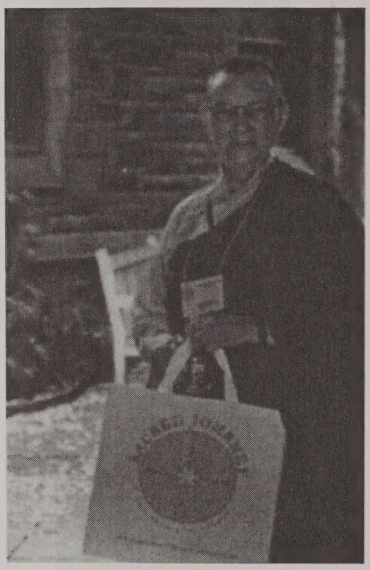
Paul Walsh

The Woman and the Church

Whatever one chooses to believe about the legend, there is no doubt that Guadalupe and its parallel Mary legends are a powerful force in the life and soul of Latin America. Here in Bolivia, a few miles from us in the small town of Quillacollo, one of the country's largest annual events is the commemoration of Mary's reported appearance to a poor shepherd girl. On a chilly winter morning, tens of thousands of Bolivians, rich and poor, will leave their houses before dawn and walk for hours to the small hill where the Virgin of Urkupina reportedly appeared. Even the Bolivian president often makes an appearance.

The legends of Guadalupe and Urkupina mirror something deep about Latin American culture. In a part of the world where the vast majority are poor it is always to the poor to whom she is said to appear. In a region where political justice is sparse it is always miracles she is said to offer, to people for whom miracles are often the only hope. And there is also this—Mary is a woman. Before the Spaniards and before Latin America's conversion to Christianity the Indian faiths here were full of female images of the divine. Earth and mother goddesses all pushed aside by the new faith brought from Europe. Many students of religion believe that Guadalupe and the other traditions of Mary worship are the veiled resurrection of those female divinities that were lost. It is not a coincidence that in a church where only men can be Popes and priests, so many choose to worship the image of a woman—young, poor, and humble.

Don't make a journey without one!



Ven. Gelongma Trime Lhamo

These sturdy, handsome tote bags were a big hit at our recent *Companions on the Sacred Journey* conference in Princeton.

We still have a few left, at $5 each, plus $1 postage. Send for yours today.

Send me _____ tote bag(s)

($5 plus $1 postage = $6 each)

I enclose my check for

a total of $ _____ (Sorry, no credit cards.)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Please mail this form and your payment to:

Sacred Journey/Fellowship in Prayer

291 Witherspoon Street

Princeton, NJ 08540

White canvas with a blue labyrinth and lettering, 14 x 14 inches

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542-3227
Phone: 609-924-6863
Fax: 609-924-6910

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
Paul Walsh

EDITOR
Rebecca Laird

ART DIRECTOR
Laurel Masten Cantor

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Linda D. Baumann

TRUSTEES EMERITUS
Kathryn G. Brown
Rabbi Samuel M. Silver

TRUSTEES
Paul Walsh
President
Howard S. Ende
Vice President and Treasurer
Frederick J. Olessi
Vice President and Secretary
Rev. Dr. Joseph C. Williamson
Vice President
Rev. Dr. Arthur Caliandro
Venerable Gelongma Trime Lhamo
Ann Quinn
Lorraine Sciarra

© Copyright 2000 Fellowship in Prayer, Inc. All rights reserved. *Sacred Journey* is a registered trademark of Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

Vol. 51, No. 6

Material in this publication is copyrighted and may not be reproduced by photocopy or any other means without written permission.

For six bi-monthly issues of *Sacred Journey*, send your name, address, and $16 ($22 international) to Fellowship in Prayer, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542-3227.

We welcome articles on prayer, meditation, spiritual experience, religious faith or practices, and similar topics. Preference is given to experiential manuscripts. Manuscripts should not exceed 1500 words and may be submitted on disk and sent to The Editor, *Sacred Journey*, 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542-3227. Please include a brief biography.

We sometimes share subscribers' names and addresses with other nonprofit, spiritual organizations. If you don't wish your name shared, let us know.

Bookstores & Retreat Centers:
Would you like to carry *Sacred Journey*? Call us at 609-924-6863 to order in bulk.

ISSN 1096-5939

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
Publishers of *SACRED JOURNEY* ™
291 Witherspoon Street
Princeton, New Jersey 08542

Nonprofit org.
U.S. postage
PAID
Hanover, PA 17331
Permit no. 4

Address service requested